

NEWS

American Junior Red Cross

NOVEMBER • 1954



"HONK THE MOOSE"



"AN OTTER'S STORY"



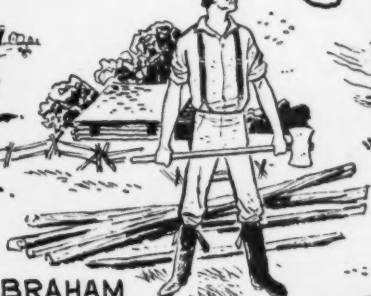
"GRANITE HARBOR"

"ONE MORNING IN MAINE"

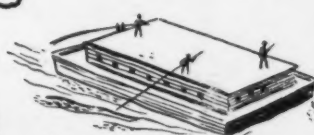


"THE MATCHLOCK GUN"

"MINN OF THE MISSISSIPPI"



"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"



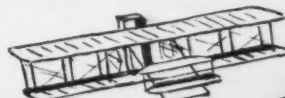
"HELLO, THE BOAT"



"HENNER'S LYDIA"



"33 ROADS TO THE WHITE HOUSE"



"WRIGHT BROTHERS"

"CHILDREN OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS"



"ROBIN ON THE MOUNTAIN"



"AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH"

"THE YEARLING"



OUR COUNTRY
in
BOOKS

"CHILDREN OF THE SEA"





VOLUME 36 NOVEMBER 1954 NUMBER 2

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Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the NEWS on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions to the "American Junior Red Cross News" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

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YOUNG CITIZENS are thankful

Thanksgiving Blessing

When you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner, you may want to remember this poem by Nona Keen Duffy:

WE THANK THEE

*We thank Thee, Father, for this food
For all that grows is Thine;
Bless each good source from which it came:
The farm, the field, the vine.*

*And wilt Thou bless each hand and heart
That helped in any way
To bring this food from near and far
That we might eat today.*

*We thank Thee for Thy constant care,
That each of us is able
To come together for this meal
And sit around this table.*

Thankful we can serve

Thirty-eight years ago the American Red Cross first gave the opportunity to children in public, private, and parochial schools to serve with adults in its great organization. Ever since then, juniors have proved their thankfulness for this chance to serve by working with adults to bring about a better world.

Today, over 20 million members in 75,726 schools in the United States with the help of their teacher-sponsors are proving their thankfulness by:

- *providing* recreation and comfort articles for children and adults in hospitals and institutions, and for servicemen and veterans.
- *communicating* with children in other lands through the exchange of school art, music, and correspondence albums.
- *filling* gift boxes and school chests for schools overseas.
- *contributing* to the American Red Cross Children's Fund for the relief of young victims of war and disaster at home and abroad.
- *learning* first aid and water safety by completing Red Cross health and safety courses.
- *serving* their communities in time of disaster or other emergency.

November is the month for the annual enrollment of schools in the American Junior Red Cross.

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

"Where's the toothpaste?" the little Australian boy asks, to the amusement of this young lady who has just given him his gift box from America.



Packing gift boxes: School for American Dependents, Tokyo, Japan (left); Santurce, Puerto Rico (right).

Showing gift box chart, Baltimore, Maryland (left); packing boxes, Texarkana, Texas-Arkansas (right).



Stanley helped Mr. Powell load the truck with cranberry boxes for the cannery.

CRANBERRY QUIZ-DOWN

By GLADYS R. SAXON

Illustrated by Harry Michaels

**A story of a modern-day festival,
the idea for which originated with
the Indians hundreds of years ago. . .**

"SLOW DOWN, youngster! This is the last load," drawled Mr. Powell to Stanley Masters. "Anyway, it's my bog and you don't see me jumpin' 'round like a sand flea on a griddle!" He gave the boxes of cranberries a shove to fit them snugly together on the truck that would take the berries to the cannery.

Stanley stopped in his tracks. "Can't," he puffed. "G-gotta finish . . . finish getting my muscles . . . in sh-shape."

Then he was running again, this time to take a bottle of cold water to the man who piloted the flat-bottomed boat that gathered up the cranberries missed by the pickers with their wooden scoops. The flat acres of cran-

berry vines had been flooded over as soon as the pickers had finished, this being so late in the fall that a freeze might come almost any time.

Ever since he'd come to this northernmost part of the cranberry section of Cape Cod the spring before, Stanley had earned spending money doing odd jobs for Mr. Powell. At first, he'd worked partly to fill up his spare time, he being new and not having friends. Now he kept working for more than just the money.

For one thing, he'd taken to the cranberry business as if he'd been born to it, Mr. Powell said. Some day he'd have a plantation of his own. Sure it was hard work and you had to fight insect pests and weather and weeds but it was interesting, too. Especially seeing the helicopters dust the bogs in summer, and especially lately riding in the boats. The huge machines in the cannery were fun to watch, too.

The other reason was Mr. Powell. "How can such a kind man be such a lonely man?" Stanley puzzled. "Practically nobody comes to visit him and he never goes to visit anybody else."

"He's shy," his mother had answered. "He's lived alone in that saltbox of his ancestors so long that it is hard for him to change. Perhaps you can help him in more ways than one."

But Stanley had shook his head. How could anything he did in the cranberry bogs help Mr. Powell to be less lonely?

All that had nothing to do with Stanley's running and jumping wherever he went during these last days of October. What made that necessary was the Cranberry Festival that would be held on the Commons in front of the church the first Saturday in November. The cranberry crop was in and it had been a good one. That called for a celebration. Besides, the church needed painting. Over 200 years old, the church was the pride of the town.

There would be oldtime games and races at the Festival, and oldtime spelling matches and charades and a quiz-down and a pageant.

At night, there would be one of the town's famous turkey dinners with all the fixings—including cranberry sauce, of course. And everybody would come dressed as a Pilgrim or an Indian.

"Indian," Stanley decided right away. "I can run and jump better that way."

Of course, maybe he'd not get a chance to run and jump at the Festival. He'd tried out for the relay race and the potato race but the other boys had only laughed at him. "You're too shrimpy for an Indian," they had said. "You'd look funny."

That night at supper, Stanley had been so quiet that his mother had asked what was wrong.

"I know," his 9-year-old sister Susan had piped up. "He wants to be an Indian in the races and they say he's too little."

His father comforted Stanley. "Don't worry about growing, Stan, old man. I was small for my age, too, and look at me now."

Thoughtfully, his mother said, "I don't see why you only want to be in the races. Why don't you volunteer for the charades or the spelling match? I'll make you a Pilgrim costume."

Stanley shook his head stubbornly. "I'm going to be an Indian."

"You could be an Indian in the morning," suggested his father, "and a Pilgrim in the afternoon. Why don't you try for the Cranberry Quiz-Down? Mr. Powell would coach you, I'm sure."

Mr. Powell had coached him, helping him read the government pamphlets on raising cranberries, and answering his questions. Stanley had kept up his running, too, and his deep-breathing exercises. At the last minute, he might get his chance and he wanted to be ready.

The first Saturday in November was the sort of sharp clear day that made the blue of Massachusetts Bay look bluer, the green of the marsh grasses look greener, the yellow of the sand look yellower. But Stanley didn't notice the sort of day it was except to think what a perfect day it would be for running races. This morning, Stanley was too busy

putting on the long pants, the beaded head band and arm bands, and the moccasins of the Indians who were such good friends to the Pilgrims.

He ran down the stairs two and three at a time. In the kitchen, he stopped in surprise. Three Pilgrims sat at the table calmly eating breakfast. He laughed. "Chief Massasoit greets you," he grunted.

"Welcome, Massasoit," said his father. "Sorry we have no clams or corncakes for you."

"Your Pilgrim costume is in the sewing-room," his mother said. "You hurry home from the Indian games and wash up before you put it on. Remember, now."

But 4 hours later, walking slowly back from the Festival, Stanley muttered, "At least I won't need to wash up. I didn't even get dirty." He hadn't been chosen for a single game or race by the boys his own age.

"I'm not going back this afternoon, that's what," he decided. "I'll go keep Mr. Powell company."

In front of his barn, Mr. Powell was sharpening an axe. "What's this? Indians invading Cape Cod? Thought it was outer-space men we had to worry about these days."

Stanley laughed dutifully. Then he explained why he was there.

"But, Stan, I was of a mind to dress myself up and take in the doin's," Mr. Powell said. "Kinda been lookin' forward to seein' you in the Cranberry Quiz-Down."

Stanley squirmed. "Thank you for helping me," he forced out.

"Why not eat lunch with me and then we'll both get dressed like Pilgrims and speed to town in something that would make any Pilgrim's eyes pop out?"

"We-el—lll," Stanley began.

"That's settled then."

By the time they got to the Festival, the platform between the two rows of gaily-decorated booths was nearly filled with people. "One more for the Cranberry Quiz-Down!" the loudspeaker was booming. "Last call—last call!"

Stanley's mother and father hurried to

him. "Where have you been?" his mother asked impatiently. "It would be too bad to miss it after all the work Mr. Powell has done with you."

"Go up there and make us proud of you," his father said. He held up his hand. "Here's another for you," he called loudly to the man at the loudspeaker. It was Mr. Evans from the Cranberry Research Station.

"Okay," Stanley said, thinking that here was his chance, his last chance in the Festival, to show those boys that long legs weren't everything.

He started toward the platform. Then stopped. Whoever stayed up longest in the Quiz-Down was bound to be considered rather important for a while. If Mr. Powell stayed up longest, maybe people would start being extra friendly to him and he'd get over being shy and then he wouldn't be so lonely.

"Hurry, boy," said Mr. Evans.

"Not me," Stanley told him. "Mr. Powell."

Taking Mr. Powell by the arm, and helped by his father and mother, Stanley escorted the much surprised Mr. Powell to the platform while the audience clapped. Then the Masters family sat down to enjoy the event. His mother gave Stanley's arm a little squeeze, and his father smiled at him. He knew they understood.

Immediately the Cranberry Quiz-Down got under way. Slowly at first, then more and more rapidly as the questions got harder, the crowd on the platform became smaller.

"When and where were cranberries first cultivated as a crop in the United States?" "In 1816 in Dennis."

"What percentage of the cranberry crop of the United States is produced on Cape Cod?" "Sixty percent."

"How many pounds of cranberries can a good picker scoop in an hour?" "100."

Harder questions until only three people were left, none of them boys or girls. Stanley wondered if he would still have been up there. Probably, for Mr. Powell was and Mr. Powell had coached him. He raised up in his seat and waved. Mr. Powell winked back at him, quite evidently enjoying himself now.



"Knowing both of these gentlemen, I doubt I could stump either one."

Mr. Evans read the next question. It was Mrs. Sims, the wife of the postmaster, who had to answer it. "What are the four conditions necessary for a good cranberry bog?"

Mrs. Sims started off confidently. "Water, sand, acid soil, and . . . and . . ." Shaking her head, she gave up and left the platform.

"Mr. Powell?"

"And good drainage," he answered.

Mr. Evans faced Mr. Abbott, owner of the Bay Breeze Cranberry Plantation, one of the biggest. "What vitamin do cranberries contain and why was this so important in colonial days?"

"C," Mr. Abbott answered. "The sailing ships carried cranberries in barrels of water to keep the sailors from getting scurvy on long voyages."

The clapping was loud this time. It looked like a real contest. The people leaned forward in their seats.

"Mr. Powell. . . Name three insect pests of cranberries," said Mr. Evans.

"Seems like I oughtta know that one," drawled Mr. Powell. "Else I've been fightin' blind." He scratched at his right ear. "How

about bagworm, cranberry scale, and grasshopper?"

"Right," said Mr. Evans. "Now, Mr. Abbott. . . Of what continent is the commercial cranberry a native?"

"North America. The Indians had been using them for food and medicine before the Pilgrims landed, and as we all know, it was they who showed the Pilgrim women how to make cranberry sauce—for which I thank them." He made a mock bow toward the people dressed as Indians.

"For which we all thank them," said Mr. Evans. He put down his list of questions. "I suggest that we stop the Cranberry Quiz-Down at this point and declare it a draw. Knowing both of these gentlemen, I doubt I could stump either one of them. All those in favor?"

There was a loud "Aye" followed by clapping, and Mr. Powell and Mr. Abbott shook hands with each other, then with Mr. Evans, and people began to move about again. Stanley rushed up to Mr. Powell, but he couldn't get near enough to speak to him.

Stanley went back to his family, a little disappointed.

"That's what you wanted, isn't it, son?" asked his father.


Stanley nodded. It was what he wanted, all right, but he couldn't help but think that maybe he could have been the winner and had people congratulating him. And he wanted Mr. Powell to notice him.

"You would have won, Stannie, I'm sure you would," said his mother. "That was a fine unselfish thing you did."

Stanley felt a little better. "But I didn't win this morning, either," he said slowly.

"Thinking about others is a good deal more important than having long legs, son," his father added. "Now how about pairing up with me in the father-son rooster-fight? Betcha we'll win!"

Stanley felt fine again. He was fast and his father had long legs. But someday, after he'd grown taller, betcha he showed those boys! He'd keep on running and practicing until he did!



Donnie Had to Laugh!



By RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

Illustrated by
William Riley

His Dad used to say, "If you're scared, Donnie, laugh!" And Donnie was certainly lonely and scared on that opening day of school.

WHILE WAITING for the gong to sound, Donnie looked at the other fellows pushing one another about in the school yard—and laughed. It wasn't loud laughter, for when you're a new boy at a big school and have been told you'll have the toughest teacher in it, you really have to work hard to be cheerful.

The sight of him laughing brought Howard Wesley of the seventh grade to his side. "Hi!" Howard said. "What you laughin' at?"

"Myself," Donnie said. "I'm sort of scared."

Howard gave him a sidewise look. "You're a new kid, aren't you?"

"No kid could be newer than I am!" Donnie said.

"That why you're scared?"

"Yeah. You see, I'm from the country. Went to a school you could put inside one of the rooms in this big building!"

"What's your name?"

"You'll laugh if I tell you." Donnie ran his fingers through his straight straw-colored hair and grinned. "Dunham," he added.

"What's funny about that?"

"First name is Donnie. Not Donald or even Don, just Donnie. Somebody else named me, prob'ly my mother. So I'm Donnie Dunham. Middle name is Haas. Dutch, I guess."

"I still don't see why I should laugh," Howard said.

Donnie shrugged a lean shoulder. "Oh, well, maybe it's just funny to me. Anyway, sometimes I get to thinking—"

"That's bad!" Howard said.

"No, listen. Sometimes I get to thinking, what if the teacher should say, 'The boy with the yellow hair, what's your name, and have you done your lessons?' Know what I'd want to say? 'Donnie Haas Dunham!' In fact, last night I dreamt I said it!"

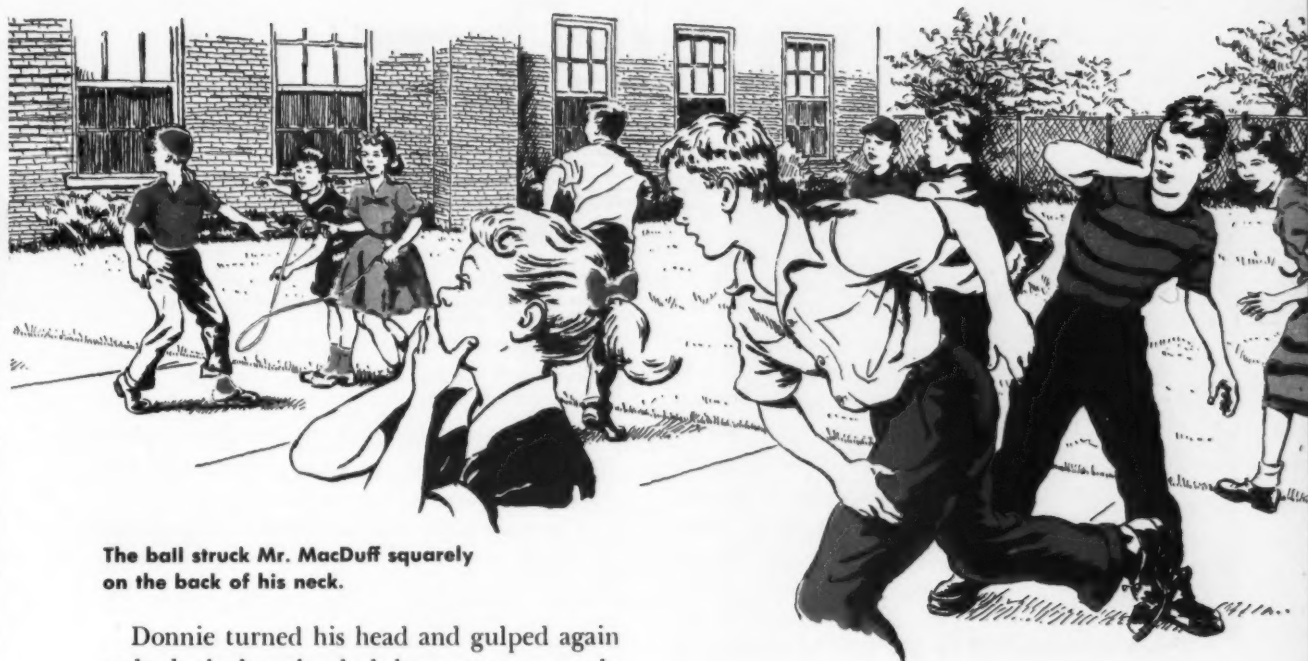
Howard grinned. "You're a funny guy! What grade you in?"

Donnie held up six fingers.

"Boy, would I hate to be you!" Howard shook his head and rolled his eyes. "Know why? Because you'll have Mr. MacDuff, the toughest teacher in—"

"Yeah, I was told that." Donnie gulped.

"Better not laugh while he's around! He never laughs. And listen, if you ever pulled that one about 'Donnie Haas Dunham,' know what would happen to you? Mr. MacDuff would—uh, uh, here he comes now!"



The ball struck Mr. MacDuff squarely on the back of his neck.

Donnie turned his head and gulped again as he looked at the dark heavy-set man making his way across the yard toward the main entrance. None of the boys spoke to him, and some of them turned away from him. Yet as the teacher drew nearer, Donnie noted little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and suddenly remembered another remark Dad had made: "All of us have wrinkles, Donnie, as we grow older. The important thing is to have them in the right place."

As the teacher passed him, the boy smiled upward in a friendly manner. The result startled him. Mr. MacDuff looked at him sharply out of unsmiling blue eyes. "Morning," he said and strode onward.

"Gee!" Howard murmured. "I thought you told me you were scared?"

"I did, and I still am!" Donnie replied. "Worse than ever!"

Some of the boys were throwing a tennis ball and catching it, and at that moment the ball came bouncing toward Howard and Donnie. With a quick sidestep, Donnie stopped it and then, as a boy on the other side of the yard held up his hands, flung it back. But the throw was wild, and as Donnie saw where the ball was going he sucked in his breath and suddenly felt cold all over . . .

Mr. MacDuff was halfway to the entrance

when the ball struck him squarely on the back of the neck and bounded toward the street.

Donnie heard the low exclamations of the boys near him, but just what they were saying he didn't know, for his whole mind was directed toward Mr. MacDuff, who had turned and was staring across the yard whence the ball had come.

"It's okay, kid," someone whispered. "He doesn't know who heaved it."

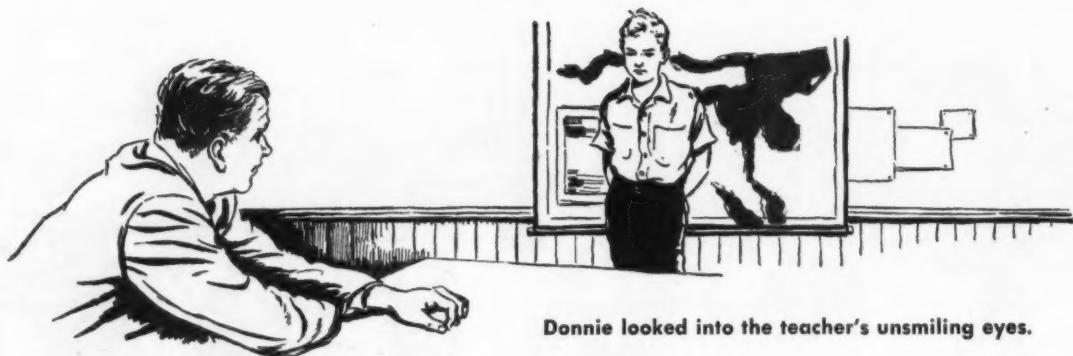
Donnie swallowed hard, expecting at any moment to see the teacher come striding angrily toward him. Instead, after a few moments, he turned again and continued onward toward the entrance.

Several of the boys began to laugh, and one of them said to Donnie, "See, I told you it was okay!"

But Donnie, who loved to laugh, couldn't laugh with the other boys, for he was thinking in a few minutes he would have to go inside and sit facing a teacher he had socked with a tennis ball.

"Hey, don't look so worried!" Howard said to him. "Know what? You ought to go out for baseball—with an arm like that!"

Then the gong sounded . . .



Donnie looked into the teacher's unsmiling eyes.

Mr. MacDuff was at his desk when Donnie entered the big room. At sight of the other boys already seated, most of whom knew he had thrown the ball, he was almost certain he never could do the thing he was sure Dad would have wanted him to do. So with head lowered, he started toward a vacant seat in the last row. But when he was about to sit down he hesitated. Then with a feeling of weakness in his legs, he walked up the aisle.

"M-Mr. MacDuff?"

The teacher looked up and again Donnie was aware of unsmiling blue eyes. "Yes?"

The boy had to struggle to keep his voice steady: "I—I just wanted to tell you, sir, I was the one who threw that tennis ball—"

"That's all right, but what made you decide to speak to me about it? I'd never have known."

"I—I guess that's why!" Donnie said. "I mean, I wanted you to know that nobody meant to hit you. You might have thought so if I hadn't told you."

Mr. MacDuff frowned thoughtfully. Then he said, "Isn't it fortunate that tennis balls are hollow?" And, although the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes deepened, his voice sounded so serious that Donnie didn't know what to say.

After he had gone down the aisle again, Mr. MacDuff called the roll.

Later in the morning he gave some problems in arithmetic. Donnie found them easy and soon finished them. While the other boys were finishing theirs, he shot an occasional glance at the teacher, and each time he did

so he found that the teacher was looking at him. Donnie moistened his lips and twisted uncomfortably in his chair. Why did Mr. MacDuff keep looking at him?

Then abruptly Mr. MacDuff was speaking: "I think you've all had time enough to do the problems. John Tyler, in the second row, have you finished all of them?"

"No, sir, I'm still on the last one."

"Well, keep working at it." Mr. MacDuff turned his head. "The third boy in the fourth row—Henry Miller?"

"No, sir, I'm Johnny Kowalski."

"I see. Well, have you done the problems?"

"No, sir, I'm still on the last one."

Almost everyone else, however, had finished and was waiting.

Mr. MacDuff looked straight at Donnie. "The yellow-haired boy in the last row—let's see, what's your name?—have you done all the problems?"

Here it was, the very situation Donnie had thought about and dreamed about! For an instant he was tempted to laugh and make the reply he had imagined himself making, but he didn't dare! So he said, "Yes, sir."

"Good!" Mr. MacDuff exclaimed and glanced at a paper on his desk. "Oh, yes, I have your name now." And suddenly he smiled, actually smiled! "Naturally you would have done the problems, if only to live up to your name," he added. "In other words, Donnie Haas Dunham."

Then Donnie laughed—and felt wonderful! And everybody else in the room laughed, including Mr. MacDuff.

ALL OUT FOR OTHERS

BOYS in the industrial arts class at Tyler School, Washington, D.C., go "all out" in their Junior Red Cross production program. They made 30 jigsaw puzzles (only one of many projects) based on original designs made by the students.

At right, John Celia shows 4-year-old John Shipe how to use a puzzle to help restore the use of the youngster's left hand, weakened by cerebral palsy. Mrs. Robert S. McLellan, JRC director, District Chapter, watches. Below, John Celia cuts out jigsaw pieces while Mr. Roland H. Gilbert, industrial arts instructor, supervises, and Jerry Anderson gets ready to help.



RENI PHOTOS





Our Friend

By Reneé LeRoy

MR. BLOOD is our very good friend
Who helps us night and day.
He keeps us alive and healthy
By chasing most germs away.

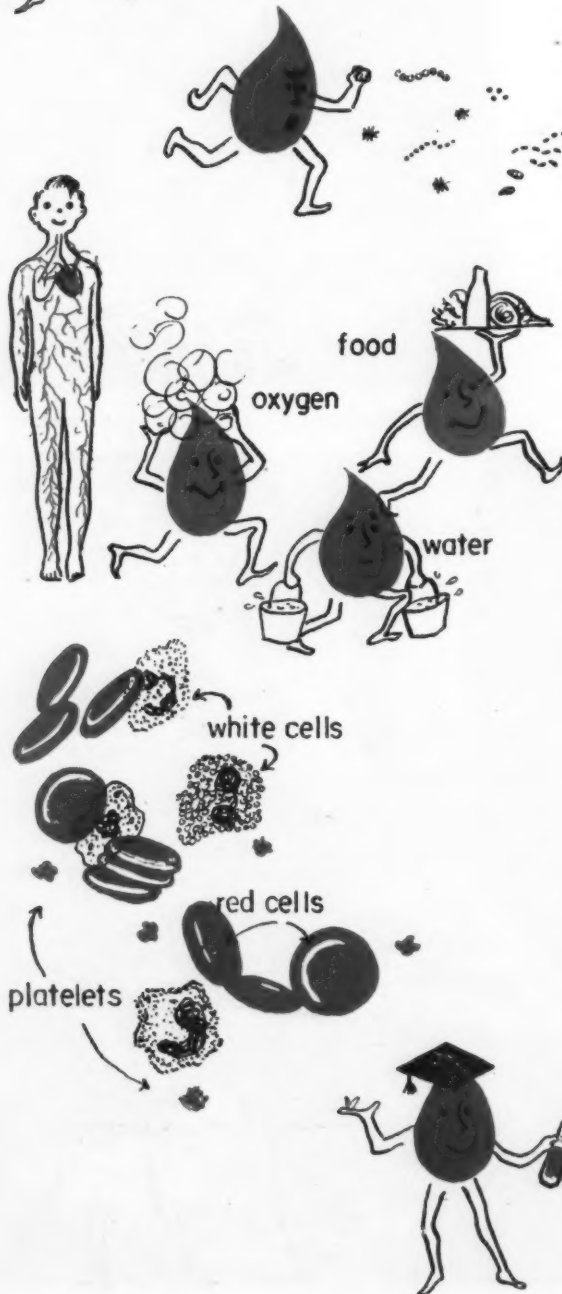
He is red, and warm, and *liquid*, too,
He travels inside our skin.
Our hearts pump him up, down, and through,
It's hard to know where he's been!

Mr. Blood helps to keep us alive,
Our bodies he does feed
By carrying *oxygen*, water, and food—
These are things we need.

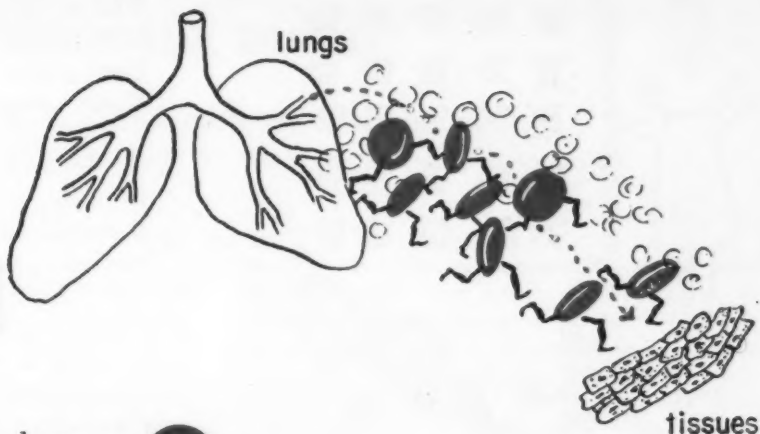
Our good friend, Blood, has several parts
And for each there is a *task*,
Red cells, *white cells*, *platelets*, *plasma*!
"What does each do?" we ask.

Yes, each one has a job to do
That each one does alone,
But all parts work together
To keep our "*body-tone*."

Cells and platelets make nearly half
Of our blood that lives inside.
The rest is *plasma*—and all three
Make *diseases* want to hide!



Mr. Blood



Tissues in our bodies
Need oxygen to grow.
Red cells take this from our lungs
And deliver it just so.



Red cells need much iron
For their important work.
Let's eat foods to help them
And we, in turn, will *perk*.

The food *sources* of iron
Are things which we must eat:
Cereals, eggs, leafy vegetables,
Grain bread, liver, and meat.



White cells are like a working team
That serves a "Come help!" call.
They *destroy* germs that make us sick,
Then remove them, one and all.



WHITE CELLS
FIGHT GERMS

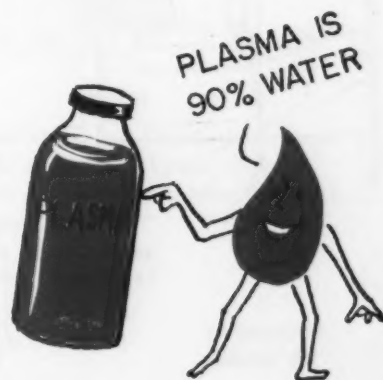
Platelets may save our lives for us
When we are hurt or cut,
They help Mr. Blood *coagulate*
And keep *blood vessels* shut.

Plasma is mostly water,
Bits of fat and sugar, too,
Protein which helps our blood to clot,
And mineral salts—just a few.



PLATELETS MAKE BLOOD CLOT

(Continued on
next page)



Scheib



With so many things in Mr. Blood,
We wonder, "How big is he?"
For a person the size of Mom or Dad,
Measure twenty-five cups—you'll see!

Mr. Blood is useful
In many, many ways.
Doctors need his help, you see,
On real *emergency* days.

Plasma, we know, is liquid
It serves in case of burn
To *replace* the lost *fluid*,
About it we must learn.

Plasma is taken from blood cells
To be frozen and stored away,
Because it can be more easily kept
Until it is needed some day.

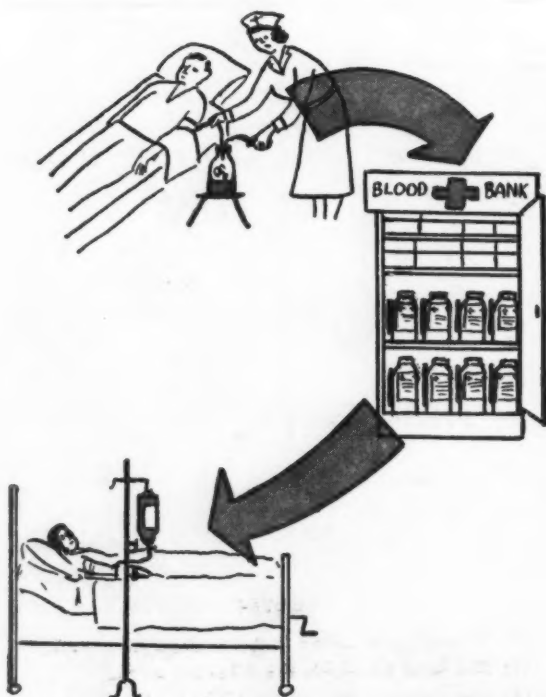
Whole blood doesn't last as long,
It, too, we must *refrigerate*.
It serves in case of accident
When loss of blood is great.

The Red Cross has a plan
Which helps both you and me,
It gives us blood when we need it—
We pay only the hospital fee.

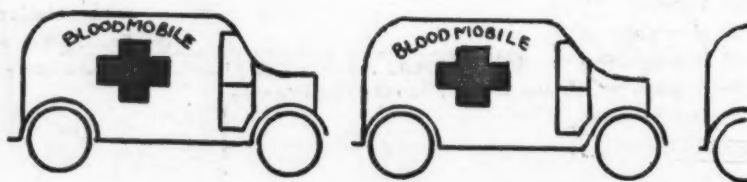
The Red Cross collects blood
From all those folks who'll give,
They bottle it and store it
So that you and I may live.

Around our cities we may see
A mobile truck or blood bank.
Like Mr. Blood, these are our friends
And all of them we thank!

(This story poem grew out of a special unit
on blood in the fifth grade at Field School,
Pasadena, California. Miss LeRoy is assistant
curriculum coordinator in the Pasadena
schools.)



Illustrated by
Ida Scheib



Quiz on "OUR FRIEND MR. BLOOD"

Let's find the bold italic (slanting type) words in the story poem we have just read. Do we know what they mean?

liquid—flowing freely like water; not hard; not solid

oxygen—a gas found in the air which is colorless, tasteless, odorless

task—a job; a duty

cells—small hollow places

red cells—round, like saucers, with pale centers

white cells—larger than the red cells and they have a well-formed center

platelets—tiny, colorless, flat circles (like plates) which are found in the blood

plasma—the liquid part of the blood

body-tone—healthy, active body

disease—sickness; illness

tissue—like a web of cells

perk—to be or to become lively

source—the place where something can be found

destroy—to do away with

coagulate—to become solid; to clot; to thicken

blood vessels—tubes in animals and humans

through which blood moves from place to place

emergency—something that happens which we do not expect; it needs action right away

replace—to put back something that was taken away

fluid—like liquid

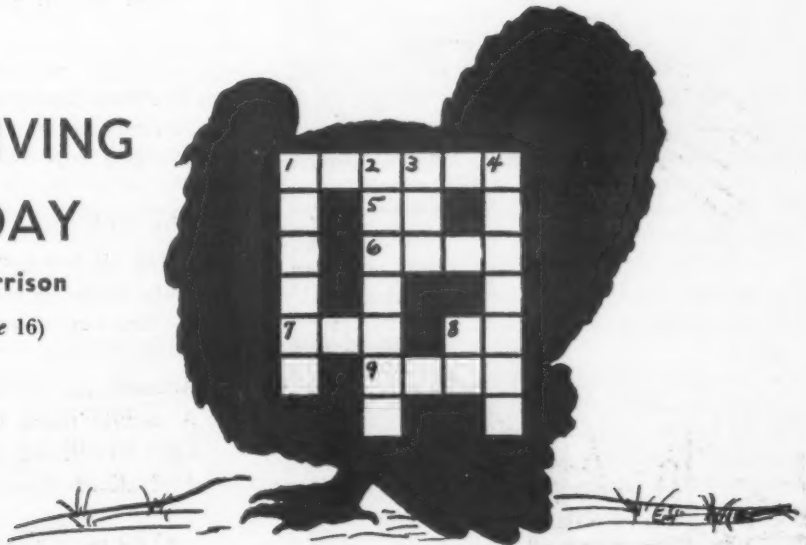
whole blood—red cells, white cells, platelets, plasma; all of blood

refrigerate—to freeze; to chill

On THANKSGIVING DAY

By Ellen E. Morrison

(Answers on page 16)



ACROSS

- (1) The Pilgrims chose a special day to give _____ to God.
- (5) Abbreviation for *Missouri*.
- (6) Level.
- (7) Man's name.
- (8) Abbreviation for *Rhode Island*.
- (9) A grain which the Indians taught the Pilgrims how to grow.

DOWN

- (1) A food used at the first Thanksgiving feast.
- (2) The land to which the Pilgrims came.
- (3) The month in which Thanksgiving comes. (Abbreviation)
- (4) Raising the voice in song.
- (8) Abbreviation for railroad.



JRC NEWS NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

JRC Acrostic

J is for Junior Red Cross which we represent
U is for united which all members must be
N is for national which our membership is
I is for items we put in our gift boxes
O is for the opportunity we have to serve
R is for red, the color of our cross

R is for the reputation of which we are proud
E is for everyone who joins in JRC service
D is for the enrollment drive which starts here this month

C is for the cause that we are all working for
R is for rendering the help Red Cross always gives
O is for others—the people we serve
S is for our school which goes over the top
S is for success which we hope to have in this drive

—By Junior Red Cross members
of Elizabethtown Chapter,
Elizabethtown, N. J.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD, PAGE 15

ACROSS: (1) thanks; (5) Mo.; (6) even; (7) Eli;
(8) R.I.; (9) corn.

DOWN: (1) turkey; (2) America; (3) Nov.; (4) singing; (8) R.R.

Busy Enrollers

ALTHOUGH our school (Public School 41, Bronx, New York) is a small one, we were able to raise over \$250 in our JRC enrollment drive because of the wide variety of activities we conducted.

Several classes had lunch projects. One day the girls made the lunches and auctioned them to the boys; another day it was the boys' turn to bring the lunches and the girls bid for them. Many children donated books, puzzles, and games for sale. One class made articles of felt and leather and held a bazaar.

Our first grade consists of six classes. Each class chose one article to make such as bean bags or book-marks. They advertised their sale to the other classes. There was a separate day for each class to hold its sale. The children handled the money, made change, and conducted all the business themselves.

(Isabel McNabb, principal)

Afghan for Billy

WHEN Billy came home from the hospital on Thanksgiving Day for a brief stay, some of his friends in the fourth grade at Harrison (Ohio) School were allowed to visit him. They learned that when Billy (a polio patient who must stay in the hospital for some time) is pushed in his bed through the halls from ward to classroom, he sometimes felt chilly.

One youngster suggested, "Wouldn't it be nice if we could make him a coverlet to keep him warm?" The fourth graders got busy and planned a school-

wide candy and cookie sale to raise money for yarn. Then they wove the yarn into blocks on 6-inch looms, crocheted the blocks together, and made an edging.

The afghan was finished in time for a special Christmas visit by the entire class to the hospital. After giving Billy his afghan, they sang carols and passed out fruits and goodies to the other children in Billy's ward.

Thanksgiving in Tintown

TO MAKE a cheerful holiday for residents of Ottawa County Welfare Home, JRC boys and girls from Narcissa School visited the home and put on a costume play, "Thanksgiving in Tintown." Then they served apples, oranges, candy, and gum to the audience. Narcissa is a rural school about 7 miles south of Miami, Oklahoma, and has an active JRC membership.

Stitches in Time

BECAUSE everybody at 102nd Street School in Compton, California, works together in Junior Red Cross, the school raised over \$190 during the enrollment campaign. Favorite projects were sewing baby clothing and making soft toys and rag dolls (see picture). Designs for the toys were made in art classes.

Also during the year a hundred gift boxes were filled by the students. Purchase of supplies for the boxes was planned in arithmetic classes. Some of the children made utility bags and filled them with gifts for the Navajo Indian children.



Marlene Perkins and Jerry Greenham display afghan made by fourth graders, Harrison (Ohio) School, for their friend Billy in the hospital.



Before giving their Thanksgiving play at the county welfare home, Narcissa School JRC members get their picture taken. (Miami, Okla.)



Dave Packwood

JRCers at 102nd St. School, (Compton, Calif.) show some of the many toys they designed and sewed in their classes.

THANKSGIVING

IN HAPPY VALLEY

By FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND

Illustrated by Pers Crowell

Only a wagon with a strong team of horses could get through the mud and snow. Could Juddie make it?

Tonight Juddie was having a hard time going to sleep. Even though he shut his eyes he kept seeing the worried look on Paw's face, and how Maw lay, white and

still, in the big iron bed. Paw cooked their meals, but mostly he tended to Maw.

Juddie did his own chores and Paw's, too. Mornings as he slopped the hogs and cur-



"Giddap!" Juddie hoped his fears did not show in his voice.

ried the mares, Gypsy and Maudie, he wished there was something he could do to help Maw get well quicker.

The whole family had been looking forward to tomorrow, Thanksgiving Day. As he did every year, Paw had planned to hunt a wild turkey for their holiday dinner. Maw had already picked out the pumpkin she wanted for the pies. Only now there would be no turkey, or pies either.

Juddie flipped over on his stomach and hugged his pillow. He must have fallen asleep. The next thing he knew Paw was shaking him by the shoulder.

"Get dressed quick," Paw was saying, "and hitch up the team."

"Sure, Paw. Sure," Juddie answered, rolling off his bunk close to the stone fireplace. As soon as his feet touched the cold wooden floor, he began dressing. Soon he was stumbling out the door. The sharp cold fully awakened him. Looking up, he could not tell what time it was. Snow clouds hid the moon.

As Juddie buckled the harness, he kept wondering if Paw was going for the doctor. Could Maw be worse? Gypsy and Maudie were soon hitched to the big wagon and Juddie guided them to the cabin. At the back door Paw was waiting.

"You'll have to drive yourself for Dr. Martin, quick as you can," Paw said. "But hurry! Your Maw's awful bad. Awful bad! And I'm needed here."

Juddie saw the glisten of tears Paw was too proud to shed. Slapping the reins across the backs of the horses, Juddie shouted, "Giddap!" He hoped his fears did not show in his voice. He was scared of the darkness, but especially he was afraid to drive all the way to Rolling Hills by himself. On trips to market Paw often told Juddie to take over. But then that was different with Paw right beside him in case something happened. When he tired now there would be no strong father to handle the team. The trip through the pass he knew took 3 hours.

There was no telephone in Hidden Valley located in one corner of southern Can-

ada. Besides, Juddie knew the doctor could not drive his car through the mud and snow. Only a wagon with a strong team of horses had a chance to get through.

Before long a light snow began to fall. Juddie squinted, trying to see a bit of road ahead of the wagon. Several times the mares slipped on the road that was covered in places with mud, in others with icy slush. A sudden lurch of the wagon knocked Juddie to the floor. He scrambled up only to see that Gypsy had fallen down. This was awful. Paw had told him to hurry. What would happen to Maw if the doctor did not get there in time?

Juddie climbed down and walked up to Gypsy, stroking her gently. Pulling on the bit, he tried to make her stand. But she stayed on her knees. Turning toward him, she rubbed her nose against his arm as if to say she was sorry.

Juddie became frantic with worry. What **could** he do? What **should** he do? Perhaps, if he unhitched Gypsy, she could stand up. Maybe the harness was binding her. His fingers were stiff with the cold. He blew on them through his woolen mittens. Then he loosened the straps.

Again he tugged at the bit. "Up, Gypsy," he coaxed.

This time the horse moved. She struggled slowly to her feet. Juddie looked at her knees. They seemed all right. She had only fallen into soft mud.

When the harness was again in place, Juddie climbed to the seat and they were once more on their way. After the first few steps, Gypsy trotted as fast as ever.

At the pass the snow stopped falling. Juddie was glad. Now they should be able to make up for the lost time. He spoke to the team, slapping the reins across their backs. A moment later they stopped. When they wouldn't start up again, Juddie climbed down to see what was wrong. A large tree he saw had fallen across the road ahead, blocking it.

Panic now filled Juddie's heart. Another delay! And Paw had told him to hurry.

Remembering the coil of rope his father always kept under the seat, Juddie reached in for it. He had a plan. He prayed it would work.

Running ahead, he tied one end of the long rope to the tip of the tree. Unhitching Maudie, Juddie tied the other end to both tugs and led her forward until the rope was stretched out its full length. Holding onto her head gear he guided her carefully. Looking back occasionally, Juddie was glad to see that the tree began moving closer and closer to the side of the road. In another few seconds he thought the space should be big enough for the wagon to roll through.

He urged Maudie ahead at too fast a pace. he was that anxious to get the road cleared and be on his way. The strain on the rope was too much. It snapped in half. Scarcely knowing what to do next, he took her back to the wagon and hitched her again into the harness. With luck he figured they might be able to squeeze between the tree and the steep walls of the pass.

Watching carefully, Juddie pulled on the left rein to guide the mares close to the cliffs. He held his breath as the right rear wheel rolled up over the trunk of the tree. With a sudden jolt it cleared, then jounced back on the road.

Juddie drew a sigh of relief as he drove the team over the steep down grade. In about an hour he was greatly relieved to pull the horses to a stop in front of the doctor's house. A moment later he pounded on the door and called out, "Wake up, Dr. Martin. "It's me . . . Juddie Girard."

The doctor snapped on a light. "Hello, Juddie," he said sleepily. "Anything wrong?" "Maw's awful sick. Paw says to hurry."

Juddie remembered little of the return trip. Dr. Martin had insisted on driving back. Juddie did not have to be urged to curl up on some empty sacks in the back of the wagon and go to sleep. His arms felt as if they had been pulled out of their sockets and the pain across his shoulders was hard to bear.

Juddie did not wake up when they got

home. Paw must have carried him into bed, for when Juddie awoke about noon the next day, that is just where he was.

When he opened his eyes the good smell of fried pork and strong coffee filled the air. Juddie leaned up to ask Paw standing at the wood stove, "How's Maw?"

"Just fine, thanks to you. And your new sister's fine, too."

"Whoopee! A new sister. Can I see 'em, Paw?"

Before his father could answer, the doctor came out of the bedroom. He smiled and answered Juddie's question. "Run along, but don't stay long."

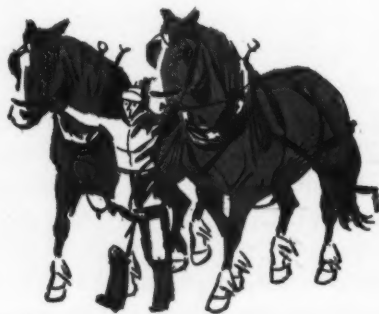
Juddie tiptoed into the bedroom. Maw smiled at him. He kissed her. "How are you, Maw?"

"Just fine, Son. And here's your little sister. We're going to call her **Thankful** because she arrived on Thanksgiving Day.

"That's a right pretty name, Maw," Juddie said. Leaning over he looked at the wee red face under the blankets. One tiny arm waved in the air and Juddie slipped a finger inside the small fist. The baby fingers closed tightly around it. "Hey, Maw. Look," Juddie exclaimed excitedly. "Thankful likes me already."

Maw didn't answer but she smiled her gentle smile.

Standing there looking down at the new baby, Juddie thought happily, "This is the thankfulest Thanksgiving Day we've ever had!"



Exploring Banana Bank

"Go, little album, far, far from here,
To American Juniors, our friends so dear.
Tell them as they turn these pages o'er,
Our little village they shall explore."

SO BEGINS a beautiful and detailed school correspondence album from Link 42, Junior Red Cross of Banana Bank School, Western District, British Honduras, for the Dayton Elementary School, Dayton, Ohio.

The front cover has an attractive design of a banana tree and native parrots. The inside cover (shown here) has a drawing of a map of British Honduras, and the back cover pictures the native plants and animals of the district. All of these illustrations were hand-carved by the juniors themselves on the wood from the native cedar tree.

One letter explains that the little country of British Honduras, bounded by Mexico, Guatemala, and the Caribbean Sea, is the only British colony in Central America. It has a population of 61,000 people with a mixture of races—Spanish, Creole, Carib, and Indian.

Junior Red Cross

Junior Red Cross was started in March 1953 by Mrs. Anne Burton of the British Red Cross Society. The link, composed of 24 members, meets once a week. They are very enthusiastic in promoting Junior Red Cross with special displays in the school, and they have started first-aid classes. They prepared their album not long after starting Junior Red Cross.

Banana Bank Village

The village gets its name from the banana plants that were so plentiful in the past.



Inside cover of the album shows a map of British Honduras, carved on cedar wood.

Although there are not as many banana plants now, the banana is still a popular fruit in this country.

The houses are built of pimento walls and thatched roofs made of cohune leaves.

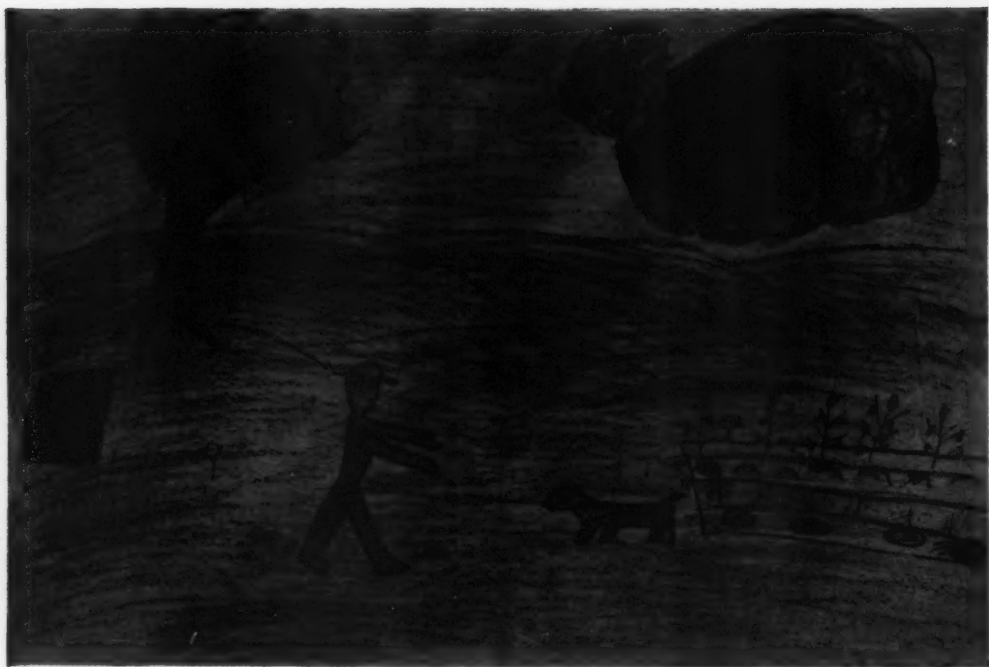
People grow corn, rice, beans, okra, bread fruit, yams, paw-paw, tomatoes, lettuce, radish, carrots and pepper. Fish is a popular food, for there are plenty in the Belize River.

Life around Banana Bank

In letters and pictures the juniors tell us about their native plants and animals. There are colorful drawings and mounted specimens of butterflies. Besides the squirrels, rabbits, and ducks, there are wild animals—the bush dog, leopard tiger, deer, antelope, and the givnot. Several pages display feathers from the bright-colored parrot and the speckled guinea hen.

The juniors also describe their beautiful tropical flowers—the bougainvillea, hibiscus, poinsettia, and frangipani.

At the end of this album one really feels that he has explored Banana Bank!



Quickly shutting the lid she hurried behind Black Cloud. (Picture by Diana Harrington)

LITTLE SUNBEAM'S FIRST RAINBOW

*Written and illustrated by pupils of
the Fifth Grade, R. F. Keicher School,
Michigan Center, Michigan, with the
help of Miss Erma Biederman, teacher,
and Mrs. Jean Noble, art teacher*

**A read-aloud story dedicated by
the authors to little folks the
world around . . .**

LITTLE SUNBEAM awoke with a happy noise in her ears, "Plip plop! Plop plip! Plop plop!" The rain had come. Little sunbeam rushed out to make her first rainbow. She opened her color box, looked inside and gasped. Quickly shutting the lid she hurried behind Black Cloud.

"Why are you such a coward?" Black Cloud roared. "Come out and show your true rain-

bow colors. Jimmy and his dog Spot are in the garden by the big house watching."

"I know it. I want to make my first rainbow for Jimmy."

"Then why aren't you at work?"

"Because my colors are all mixed up. I threw them together in such a hurry this morning!"

"Sort them."

"I want to make my first rainbow for Jimmy," said Little Sunbeam. (Picture by Janice Spice)



Little Sunbeam hung her head. "I forgot what color is at the top of the rainbow."

"You must try to think."

She tried green but that didn't look right. She tried yellow and that didn't look right.

"Ask the Big Sunbeams," Black Cloud suggested.

"The Big Sunbeams are over in Farmer Brown's pasture."

"That's where I'm taking the rain," said Black Cloud.

"Please wait!" cried Little Sunbeam. "Help me sort my colors in rainbow order."

"Hurry, then. I'm late."

"Perhaps I should start at the bottom," Little Sunbeam decided. But she forgot what color was at the bottom of the rainbow.

"You will have to solve your own problem," Black

Cloud said sharply. "I'll be back this afternoon. Have your colors ready and I'll help you make that rainbow."

"C-R-A-C-K! B-O-O-M-M-M-M-M-M!" That was the voice of Thunder.

Little Sunbeam trembled. "Thank you!" she called to Black Cloud, but he was gone.

All morning Little Sunbeam stayed alone in the big sky to think. By noon she had a plan. She would ask the elves to help.

(Continued)



"I'm too busy painting these leaves to look at rainbows," said Wee Elf. (Picture by Reed Lehman)

She slid down a telephone pole to the forest. The elves were busy getting the maple trees ready for fall. She touched Wee Elf's pointed green cap. "What color is at the top of the rainbow?" she asked.

Wee Elf dipped his brush into a can of red paint. "I don't know," he said, "I'm too busy painting these leaves to look at rainbows. Ask the Big Sunbeams."

"They are over in Farmer Brown's pasture making the wheat grow."

"Why aren't you there helping?" Wee Elf asked.

"I stayed home to make my first rainbow for Jimmy."

"You DO have a problem. A sunbeam

Suddenly she burst into a beautiful rainbow.

"Thank you for sorting my colors," Little Sunbeam said to Singing Brook. "Now, I'll put them away in rainbow order."

She numbered them from the bottom to the top like lines on a piece of music. First color VIOLET, second one BLUE, third one GREEN, fourth color YELLOW, fifth one ORANGE, and the sixth color at the top of the rainbow was . . . RED!

Little Sunbeam danced all the way to Jimmy's house.

Black Cloud was back. Little Sunbeam flashed her colors on the rain and watched Jimmy's face.

"That is the prettiest rainbow in the whole



Little Sunbeam burst into a beautiful rainbow. (Picture by Barbara Gulick)

should know her own colors," agreed Wee Elf.

"I know I should," said Little Sunbeam, and walked away slowly.

"Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do-o-o-" That was her friend, Singing Brook. Little Sunbeam rushed to meet her. "What color is at the top of the rainbow?" she asked.

"Sparkle down my waterfall and I will show you."

Little Sunbeam slid all the way down the waterfall and splashed into a cloud of spray.

world, Little Sunbeam!" Jimmy said finally.

She was so full of joy that she skipped off into the sunset, the happiest Little Sunbeam that ever went to bed early.

(Miss Biederman writes: "Our Fifth Grade is happy to send you our story for the NEWS. We planned it for little folks and we are going to read it to the kindergarten and first three grades in our school. In Mrs. Noble's art class we are making a large frieze with crayons to show most of the story in pictures.")

THANKFUL SHE KNEW HOW

Illustrated by
John Donaldson



1 While William E. Walsh, 12-year-old student at St. Mary's School in Beverly, Massachusetts, was playing in the school basement one afternoon, he slipped and thrust his hand through a large pane of glass in a swinging door. The jagged edge cut a deep gash in his wrist, severing an artery.



3 William was taken immediately to the hospital where he received medical care and a blood transfusion. Dr. Richard E. Alt, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Beverly Hospital, declared: "It is my belief that the prompt and intelligent application of the tourniquet was responsible for saving the boy's life."

4 For her action, Sister Mary Geraldine was awarded the American National Red Cross Certificate of Merit.

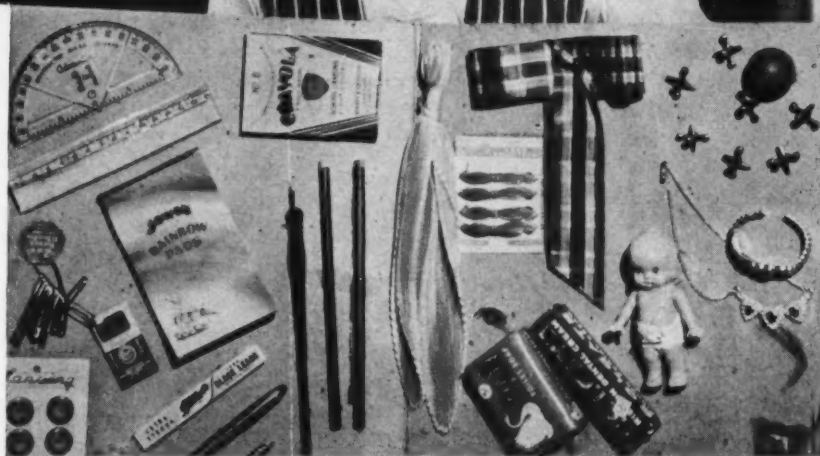


2 Responding to the shouts of William's playmates, Sister Mary Geraldine, a Red Cross first aid instructor, realized the boy needed immediate attention. Borrowing a tie from one of the boys and using a handy ruler, she quickly applied a tourniquet to control the severe bleeding.





A LIVING LETTER OF THANKS

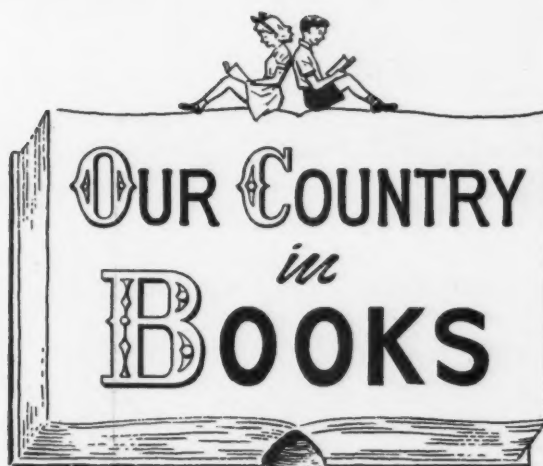


SUNDAY TIMES SIGNAL

THIS smiling little girl, Baiba Bremze, a former displaced person from Latvia, is now a sender instead of a receiver of gift boxes. Pictured here with her class at Westview School, Zanesville, Ohio, she holds up a display of the contents of a gift box. She used to receive just such gifts as these.

By M. Ethel Bubb

Assistant Coordinator, Children's
Services, Public Library of the
District of Columbia



THE COVER on this November NEWS pictures stories of everyday life among boys and girls of our country from Maine to Louisiana, from California to Florida.

One book pictured on the map tells of a young girl who camps in the high Sierras with her father, and an accident proves her courage. In others, boys boast of what they will do when they meet a moose, then meet one, or go treasure hunting in a tippy pirogue in a bayou swamp, or defend a cabin in an Indian raid.

Then there are stories of boys and girls who journey over swollen streams and mountain barriers in covered wagons, or get lost at a Mardi Gras carnival, or celebrate Christmas in May the year trains couldn't get through the Dakota snow drifts.

These are all lively tales chosen to suit a variety of tastes and ages. Such stories help you know your country better.

EASTERN STATES

One Morning in Maine, by Robert McCloskey. Viking.

The Matchlock Gun, by W. D. Edmonds. Dodd
Henner's Lydia, by Marguerite De Angeli. Doubleday.

"Hello, the Boat!" by Phyllis Crawford. Holt.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Thirty-Three Roads to the White House, by A. P. Graham. Nelson.

SOUTHEASTERN STATES

Wright Brothers and Their Flying Machine, by Quentin Reynolds. Random House.

The Yearling, by M. K. Rawlings. Scribner.

Augustus Goes South, by Le Grand, pseud. Bobbs.

Children of the Great Smoky Mountains, by May Justus. Dutton.

Minn of the Mississippi, by H. C. Holling. Houghton.

MIDWESTERN STATES

Robin on the Mountain, by C. M. Simon. Dutton.

Tag-Along Tooloo, by F. C. Sayers. Viking.

Boom Town Boy, by Lois Lenski. Lippincott.

Abraham Lincoln, by Ingri d'Aulaire. Doubleday.

Honk the Moose, by Phil Stong. Dodd.

An Otter's Story, by E. E. Liers. Viking.

The Long Winter, by L. I. Wilder. Harper.

Granite Harbor, by E. M. Bird. Macmillan.

WESTERN STATES

The Blind Colt, by Glen Rounds. Holiday.

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver, by M. J. Carr. Crowell.

The Wonderful Year, by Nancy Barnes. Messner.

Keep the Wagons Moving, by West Lathrop. Random House.

My Friend Flicka, by Mary O'Hara, pseud. Lippincott.

Little Navajo Bluebird, by A. N. Clark. Viking.

... *And Now Miguel*, by Joseph Krumgold. Crowell.

Peter's Pinto, by Mary and Conrad Buff. Viking.

Song of the Swallows, by Leo Politi. Scribner.

High Trail, by Vivian Breck, pseud. Doubleday.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

Children of the Sea, by W. S. Bronson. Harcourt.

PACIFIC OCEAN

Sea Shells, by R. H. Dudley. Crowell.

OTHER AMERICAN TERRITORY

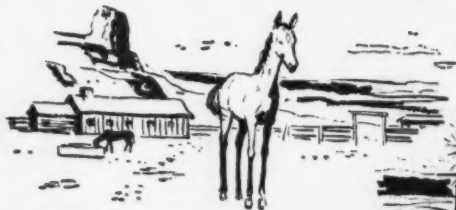
(Alaska) *Eskimo Sled Dog*, by Frederick Mache-tanz. Scribner.

(Hawaii) *Maui's Summer*, by Arnold E. Bare. Houghton.

(Puerto Rico) *Perez and Martina*, by Pura Belpré. Warne.



"YOUNG MAC OF
FORT VANCOUVER"



"THE BLIND COLT"



"THE LONG WINTER"



"THE HIGH
TRAIL"



"MY FRIEND FLICKA"



"KEEP THE WAGONS
MOVING"



"PETER'S PINTO"



"THE WONDERFUL YEAR"



"BOOM TOWN
BOY"



"SONG OF THE
SWALLOWS"



"LITTLE NAVAJO
BLUEBIRD"



"... AND NOW MIGUEL"



"TAG-ALONG TOOLOO"

